

# January 2001



# Grade 12 Diploma Examination



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January 2001  
**English 30**  
**Part B: Reading**  
**Readings Booklet**  
**Grade 12 Diploma Examination**

*Description*

**Part B: Reading** contributes 50% of the total English 30 Diploma Examination mark.

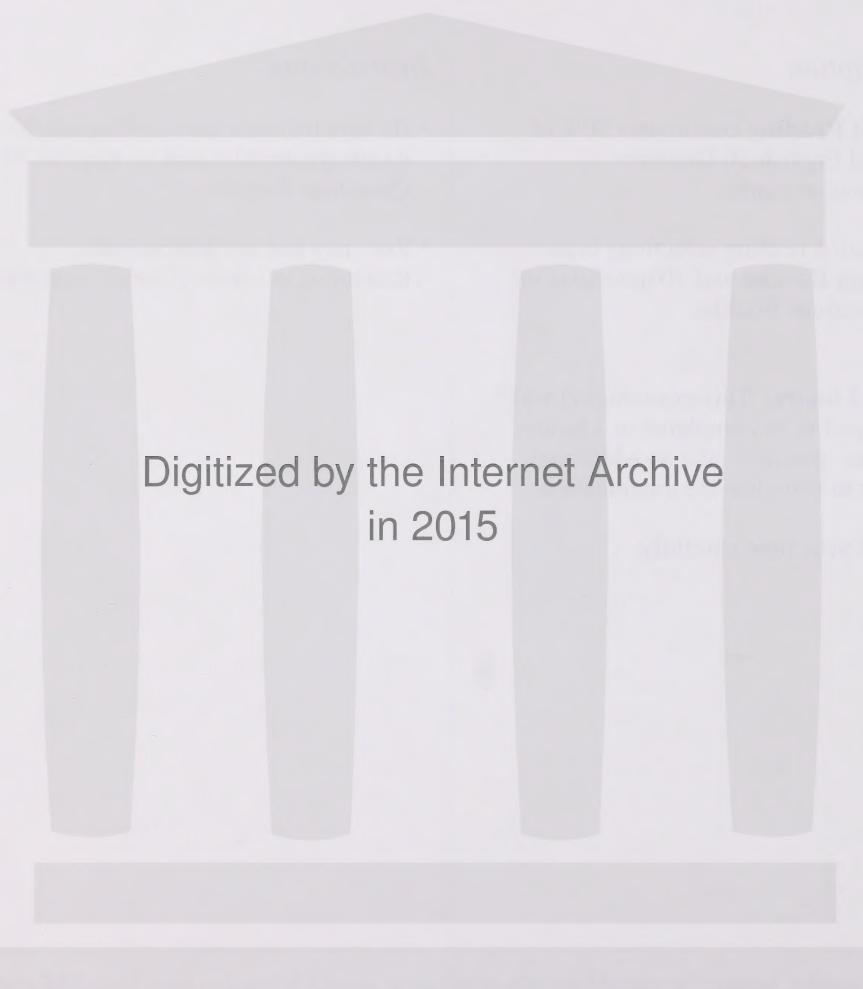
There are 8 reading selections in the Readings Booklet and 70 questions in the Questions Booklet.

**Time: 2 hours.** This examination was developed to be completed in 2 hours; however, you may take an additional ½ hour to complete the examination.

Budget your time carefully.

*Instructions*

- Be sure that you have an English 30 Readings Booklet **and** an English 30 Questions Booklet.
- You may **not** use a dictionary, thesaurus, or other reference materials.



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**I. Questions 1 to 9 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a novella.**

*This passage takes place in 1951 outside a professional baseball stadium in New York, where a pennant or championship game is about to begin.*

**from PAFKO AT THE WALL**

This is a school day but he is nowhere near the classroom, the box of forty faces looking blank. The longing to be here, standing in the shadow of this old rust-hulk of a structure, is too intense to resist—this metropolis of steel and concrete and flaky paint and cropped grass and enormous Chesterfield<sup>1</sup> packs aslant on the scoreboards, a couple of cigarettes jutting from each.

Longing on a large scale is what makes history. This is just a kid with a local yearning but he is part of an assembling crowd, anonymous thousands off the buses and trains, people in narrow columns tramping over the swing bridge above the river, and even if they are not a migration or a revolution, some vast shaking of the soul, they bring with them the body heat of a great city and their own small reveries and desperations, the unseen something that haunts the day—men in fedoras and sailors on shore leave, the stray tumble of their thoughts, going to a game.

The sky is low and gray, the roily gray of sliding surf.

He is standing at the curbstone waiting to make the mad rush. He is the youngest, at fourteen. Why are these boys in American chronicles always fourteen? He has never done this before and he doesn't know any of the others and only two or three of them seem to know each other but they can't do this thing singly or in pairs so they have found one another by means of sidly looks that detect the fellow foolhard and here they stand, black kids and white kids up from the subways or off the local streets, lean shadows, banditos, fifteen in all, and according to topical legend maybe four will get through for every one that's caught.

They are waiting nervously for the ticket holders to clear the turnstiles, the last loose cluster of fans, the stragglers and loiterers. They watch the late-arriving taxis from downtown and the brilliantined<sup>2</sup> men stepping dapper to the windows, policy bankers and club owners secure in their remoteness, high-aura'd, showing an untouchability that's finished and pristine. They watch garment bosses and Broadway sharpies and a couple of dumpy men clambering out of a powder blue Cadillac, picking lint off their mohair sleeves. They stand at the curb and watch without seeming to look, wearing the sourish air of corner hangabouts. All the hubbub has died down, the pregame babble and swirl, vendors working the

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Chesterfield—a brand of American cigarette

<sup>2</sup>brilliantined—having hair styled with hair dressing oil



35 jammed sidewalks waving scorecards and pennants and calling out in ancient  
singsong, chicken-neck men hustling buttons and caps, all dispersed now, gone to  
their roomlets in the beaten streets.

They are at the curbstone, waiting. Their eyes are going grim, sending out  
less light. Somebody takes his hands out of his pockets. They are waiting and  
then they go, one of them goes, a mick<sup>3</sup> who shouts Geronimo.

40 There are four turnstiles just beyond the pair of ticket booths. The youngest  
boy is also the scrawniest, Cotter Martin by name—scrawny tall in a polo shirt  
and dungarees, and maybe the scarest too, located near the tail of the rush,  
running and shouting with the others. You shout because it makes you brave or  
you want to announce your recklessness. They have made their faces into scream  
45 masks, tight-eyed, with stretchable mouths, and they are running hard, trying to  
funnel themselves through the lanes between the booths, and they bump hips and  
elbows and keep the shout going. The faces of the ticket sellers hang behind the  
windows like onions on strings.

Cotter sees the first jumpers go over the bars. Two of them jostle in the air  
and come down twisted and asprawl. A ticket taker puts a headlock on one of  
50 them and his cap comes loose and skims down his back and he reaches for it with  
a blind swipe and at the same time—everything's at the same time—he eyes the  
other hurdlers to keep from getting stepped on. They are running and hurdling.  
It's a witless form of flight with bodies packed in close and the gate-crashing  
becoming real. They are jumping too soon or too late and hitting the posts and  
55 bars, doing cartoon climbs up each other's back, and what kind of stupes must  
they look like to people at the hot-dog stand on the other side of the turnstiles,  
what kind of awful screwups—a line of mostly men beginning to glance this way,  
jaws working at the sweaty meat and grease bubbles flurrying on their tongues,  
the gent at the far end hanging a dubious look and going dead-still except for a  
60 hand that produces automatic movement, swabbing on mustard with a brush.

The shout of the motley boys comes banging off the deep concrete.

Cotter thinks he sees a path to the turnstile on the right. He drains himself of  
everything he does not need to make the jump. . . . A couple of real-live cops are  
rumbling down the ramp. Cotter sheds these elements as they appear, sheds a  
65 thousand waves of information hitting on his skin. His gaze is trained on the iron  
bar projected from the post. He picks up speed and seems to lose his gangliness,  
the slouchy funk of hormones and unbelonging and all the dumb-hearted things  
that seal his adolescence. He is just a running boy, a half-seen figure from the  
streets, but the way running reveals some clue to being, the way a runner bares  
70 himself to self-examination, this is how the easy-gaiting kid seems to open to the  
world, how the blood-rush of a dozen strides brings him into eloquence.

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>mick—American slang that is sometimes used to describe an Irish person

Then he leaves his feet and is in the air, feeling sleek and unmussed and sort of glass-surfaced, flying in light, white-eyed, and in one prolonged molecular second he sees precisely where he'll land and which way he'll run, and even  
75 though he knows they will be after him the moment he touches ground, even though he'll be in danger for the next several hours, watching left and right . . . there is less fear in him now. His head is tucked, his left leg is clearing the bar. Bystanders saying What-the-hey. He comes down lightly and runs past the ticket taker groping for his fallen cap and he knows absolutely—knows it all the way,  
80 deep as knowing goes, he feels the knowledge start to hammer in his runner's heart—that he is uncatchable.

Here comes a cop in municipal bulk with a gun and cuffs and a flashlight and a billy club all jiggling on his belt and a summons pad wadded in his pocket. His arms are rising slowly from his sides, a happy dazzle in his eyes. Cotter  
85 gives him a juke step that sends him nearly to his knees and the hot dog eaters bend from the waist to watch the kid veer away in soft acceleration, showing the cop a little finger-wag bye-bye.

He surprises himself this way every so often, doing some gaudy thing that whistles up out of nowhere.

90 He runs up a shadowed ramp and into a crossweave of girders and pillars and spilling light. He hears the crescendoing last chords of the national anthem and sees the great open horseshoe of the grandstand and that unfolding vision of the grass that always seems to mean he has stepped outside his life—the rubbed shine that sweeps and bends from the raked dirt of the infield out to the high  
95 green fences. It is the excitement of a revealed thing. He runs at quarter speed, craning to see the rows of seats, looking for an inconspicuous wedge behind a pillar. He cuts into an aisle in Section 35 and walks down into the heat and smell of the massed fans, he walks into the smoke that hangs from the underside of the second deck, he hears the talk, he enters the deep buzz, he hears the warmup  
100 pitches crack into the catcher's mitt, a series of reports that carry a comet's tail of secondary sound.

Then we lose him in the crowd.

*Don DeLillo (1936– )*

An American writer of 11 novels in which he presented his impressions of America. He grew up in the Bronx area of New York City where he has lived most of his life.



II. Questions 10 to 16 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

A DIGRESSION

Having confided to the heavy-lipped  
Mailbox his great synoptic<sup>1</sup> manuscript,  
He stands light-headed in the lingering clang.  
How lightly, too, he feels his briefcase hang!

- 5 And now it swings beside his knees, as they  
From habit start him on his evening way,  
With the tranced rhythm of a metronome,<sup>2</sup>  
Past hall and grove and stadium toward his home.

- 10 Yet as the sun-bathed campus slips behind,  
A giddy lack of purpose fills his mind,  
Making him swerve into a street which for  
Two decades he has managed to ignore.

- 15 What stops him in his tracks is that his soul,  
Proposing nothing, innocent of goal,  
Sees no perspective narrowing between  
Gold-numbered doors and frontages of green

- 20 But for the moment an obstructive storm  
Of specks and flashes that will take no form,  
A roiled<sup>3</sup> mosaic or a teeming<sup>4</sup> scrim<sup>5</sup>  
That seems to have no pertinence to him.

It is his purpose now as, turning round,  
He takes his bearings and is homeward bound,  
To ponder what the world's confusion meant  
When he regarded it without intent.

*Richard Wilbur (1921– )*

An American poet and writer who  
has been awarded the Pulitzer Prize twice

<sup>1</sup>synoptic—presenting a summary of principal parts or a general view of the whole

<sup>2</sup>metronome—a device that marks time with ticks or flashes at regular, adjustable intervals

<sup>3</sup>roiled—turbulent, disturbed

<sup>4</sup>teeming—full, overflowing, abundant

<sup>5</sup>scrim—loosely woven fabric used for curtains; used in theatre as a transparent backdrop



III. Questions 17 to 24 in your Questions Booklet are based on this essay.

*This essay is set in the English countryside.*

THE DEATH OF THE MOTH

Moths that fly by day are not properly to be called moths; they do not excite that pleasant sense of dark autumn nights and ivy-blossom which the commonest yellow-underwing asleep in the shadow of the curtain never fails to rouse in us. They are hybrid creatures, neither gay like butterflies nor sombre like their own species. Nevertheless the present specimen, with his narrow hay-coloured wings, fringed with a tassel of the same colour, seemed to be content with life. It was a pleasant morning, mid-September, mild, benignant,<sup>1</sup> yet with a keener breath than that of the summer months. The plough was already scoring the field opposite the window, and where the share<sup>2</sup> had been, the earth was pressed flat and gleamed with moisture. Such vigour came rolling in from the fields and the down<sup>3</sup> beyond that it was difficult to keep the eyes strictly turned upon the book. The rooks<sup>4</sup> too were keeping one of their annual festivities; soaring round the tree tops until it looked as if a vast net with thousands of black knots in it had been cast up into the air; which, after a few moments sank slowly down upon the trees until every twig seemed to have a knot at the end of it. Then, suddenly, the net would be thrown into the air again in a wider circle this time, with the utmost clamour and vociferation, as though to be thrown into the air and settle slowly down upon the tree tops were a tremendously exciting experience.

The same energy which inspired the rooks, the ploughmen, the horses, and even, it seemed, the lean bare-backed downs, sent the moth fluttering from side to side of his square of the window-pane. One could not help watching him. One was, indeed, conscious of a queer feeling of pity for him. The possibilities of pleasure seemed that morning so enormous and so various that to have only a moth's part in life, and a day moth's at that, appeared a hard fate, and his zest in enjoying his meagre opportunities to the full, pathetic. He flew vigorously to one corner of his compartment, and, after waiting there a second, flew across to the other. What remained for him but to fly to a third corner and then to a fourth? That was all he could do, in spite of the size of the downs, the width of the sky, the far-off smoke of houses, and the romantic voice, now and then, of a steamer out at sea. What he could do he did. Watching him, it seemed as if a fibre, very thin but pure, of the enormous energy of the world had been thrust into his frail

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>benignant—benign

<sup>2</sup>share—blade

<sup>3</sup>down—low rolling hills

<sup>4</sup>rooks—crows

and diminutive body. As often as he crossed the pane, I could fancy that a thread of vital light became visible. He was little or nothing but life.

35 Yet, because he was so small, and so simple a form of the energy that was rolling in at the open window and driving its way through so many narrow and intricate corridors in my own brain and in those of other human beings, there was something marvellous as well as pathetic about him. It was as if someone had taken a tiny bead of pure life and decking it as lightly as possible with down and feathers, had set it dancing and zigzagging to show us the true nature of life. Thus  
40 displayed one could not get over the strangeness of it. One is apt to forget all about life, seeing it humped and bossed and garnished and cumbered so that it has to move with the greatest circumspection and dignity. Again, the thought of all that life might have been had he been born in any other shape caused one to view his simple activities with a kind of pity.

45 After a time, tired by his dancing apparently, he settled on the window ledge in the sun, and, the queer spectacle being at an end, I forgot about him. Then, looking up, my eye was caught by him. He was trying to resume his dancing, but seemed either so stiff or so awkward that he could only flutter to the bottom of the window-pane; and when he tried to fly across it he failed. Being intent on other  
50 matters I watched these futile attempts for a time without thinking, unconsciously waiting for him to resume his flight, as one waits for a machine, that has stopped momentarily, to start again without considering the reason of its failure. After perhaps a seventh attempt he slipped from the wooden ledge and fell, fluttering his wings, on to his back on the window sill. The helplessness of his attitude  
55 roused me. It flashed upon me that he was in difficulties; he could no longer raise himself; his legs struggled vainly. But, as I stretched out a pencil, meaning to help him to right himself, it came over me that the failure and awkwardness were the approach of death. I laid the pencil down again.

The legs agitated themselves once more. I looked as if for the enemy against  
60 which he struggled. I looked out of doors. What had happened there? Presumably it was midday, and work in the fields had stopped. Stillness and quiet had replaced the previous animation. The birds had taken themselves off to feed in the brooks. The horses stood still. Yet the power was there all the same, massed outside indifferent, impersonal, not attending to anything in particular. Somehow it was  
65 opposed to the little hay-coloured moth. It was useless to try to do anything. One could only watch the extraordinary efforts made by those tiny legs against an oncoming doom which could, had it chosen, have submerged an entire city, not merely a city, but masses of human beings; nothing, I knew, had any chance against death. Nevertheless after a pause of exhaustion the legs fluttered again. It  
70 was superb this last protest, and so frantic that he succeeded at last in righting

*Continued*



himself. One's sympathies, of course, were all on the side of life. Also, when there was nobody to care or to know, this gigantic effort on the part of an insignificant little moth, against a power of such magnitude, to retain what no one else valued or desired to keep, moved one strangely. Again, somehow, one saw  
75 life, a pure bead. I lifted the pencil again, useless though I knew it to be. But even as I did so, the unmistakable tokens of death showed themselves. The body relaxed, and instantly grew stiff. The struggle was over. The insignificant little creature now knew death. As I looked at the dead moth, this minute wayside triumph of so great a force over so mean an antagonist filled me with wonder.  
80 Just as life had been strange a few minutes before, so death was now as strange. The moth having righted himself now lay most decently and uncomplainingly composed. O yes, he seemed to say, death is stronger than I am.

*Virginia Woolf (1882–1941)*

British novelist and essayist who was an important influence on the significance of women as writers.

Her writing emphasized the patterns generated by the inner lives of characters rather than sequences of events.

**IV. Questions 25 to 32 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from an essay.**

*This essay was written in 1950 during the Cold War period when anxieties about nuclear war were high.*

**from THE FUTURE IS NOW**

Not so long ago I was reading in a magazine with an enormous circulation some instructions as to how to behave if and when we see that flash brighter than the sun which means that the atom bomb has arrived. I read of course with the intense interest of one who has everything to learn on this subject; but at the end, the advice dwindled to this: the only real safety seems to lie in simply being somewhere else at the time, the farther away the better; the next best, failing access to deep shelters, bombproof cellars and all, is to get under a stout table—that is, just what you might do if someone were throwing bricks through your window and you were too nervous to throw them back.

This comic anticlimax to what I had been taking as a serious educational piece surprised me into real laughter, hearty and carefree. It is such a relief to be told the truth, or even just the facts, so pleasant not to be coddled with unreasonable hopes. That very evening I was drawn away from my work table to my fifth-story window by one of those shrill terror-screaming sirens which our excitement-loving city government used then to affect for so many occasions: A fire? Police chasing a gangster? Somebody being got to the hospital in a hurry? Some distinguished public guest being transferred from one point to another? Strange aircraft coming over, maybe? Under the lights of the corner crossing of the great avenue, a huge closed vehicle whizzed past, screaming. I never knew what it was, had not in fact expected to know; no one I could possibly ask would know. Now that we have bells clamoring away instead for such events, we all have one doubt less, if perhaps one expectancy more. The single siren's voice means to tell us only one thing.

But at that doubtful moment, framed in a lighted window level with mine in the apartment house across the street, I saw a young man in a white T-shirt and white shorts at work polishing a long, beautiful dark table top. It was obviously his own table in his own flat, and he was enjoying his occupation. He was bent over in perfect concentration, rubbing, sandpapering, running the flat of his palm over the surface, standing back now and then to get the sheen of light on the fine wood. I am sure he had not even raised his head at the noise of the siren, much less had he come to the window. I stood there admiring his workmanlike devotion

*Continued*



to a good job worth doing, and there flashed through me one of those pure fallacies of feeling which suddenly overleap reason: surely all that effort and energy so irreproachably employed were not going to be wasted on a table that  
35 was to be used merely for crawling under at some unspecified date. Then why take all those pains to make it beautiful? Any sort of old board would do.

I was so shocked at this treachery of the lurking Foul Fiend (despair *is* a foul fiend, and this was despair) I stood a moment longer, looking out and around, trying to collect my feelings, trying to think a little. Two windows away and a  
40 floor down in the house across the street, a young woman was lolling in a deep chair, reading and eating fruit from a little basket. On the sidewalk, a boy and a girl dressed alike in checkerboard cotton shirts and skin-tight blue denims, a costume which displayed acutely the structural differences of their shapes, strolled along with their arms around each other. I believe this custom of lovers walking  
45 enwreathed in public was imported by our soldiers of the First World War from France, from Paris indeed. "You didn't see that sort of thing here before," certain members of the older generation were heard to remark quite often, in a tone of voice. Well, one sees quite a lot of it now, and it is a very pretty, reassuring sight. Other citizens of all sizes and kinds and ages were crossing back and forth; lights  
50 flashed red and green, punctually. Motors zoomed by, and over the great city—but where am I going? I never read other peoples' descriptions of great cities, more particularly if it is a great city I know. It doesn't belong here anyway, except that I had again that quieting sense of the continuity of human experience on this earth, its perpetual aspirations, set-backs, failures and re-beginnings in  
55 eternal hope; and that, with some appreciable differences of dress, customs and means of conveyance, so people have lived and moved in the cities they have built for more millennia than we are yet able to account for, and will no doubt build and live for as many more.

Why did this console me? I cannot say; my mind is of the sort that can often  
60 be soothed with large generalities of that nature. The silence of the spaces between the stars does not affright me, as it did Pascal,<sup>1</sup> because I am unable to imagine it except poetically; and my awe is not for the silence and space of the endless universe but for the inspired imagination of man, who can think and feel so, and turn a phrase like that to communicate it to us. Then too, I like the kind of  
65 honesty and directness of the young soldier who lately answered someone who asked him if he knew what he was fighting for. "I sure do," he said, "I am fighting to live." And as for the future, I was once reading the first writings of a young girl, an apprentice author, who was quite impatient to get on with the business and find her way into print. There is very little one can say of use in

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>Pascal—17th century French philosopher and mathematician

70 such matters, but I advised her against haste—she could so easily regret it. “Give  
yourself time,” I said, “the future will take care of itself.” This opinionated young  
person looked down her little nose at me and said, “The future is now.” She may  
have heard the phrase somewhere and liked it, or she may just have naturally  
belonged to that school of metaphysics;<sup>2</sup> I am sure she was too young to have  
75 investigated the thought deeply. But maybe she was right and the future does  
arrive every day and it is all we have, from one second to the next.

So I glanced again at the young man at work, a proper-looking candidate for  
the armed services, and realized the plain, homely fact: he was not preparing a  
possible shelter, something to cower under trembling; he was restoring a beautiful  
80 surface to put his books and papers on, to serve his plates from, to hold his  
cocktail tray and his lamp. He was full of the deep, right, instinctive, human  
belief that he and the table were going to be around together for a long time. Even  
if he is off to the army next week, it will be there when he gets back. At the  
very least, he is doing something he feels is worth doing now, and that is no  
85 small thing.

*Katherine Anne Porter* (1890–1980)

American writer born in Texas; regarded as  
one of the leading modern short story writers.

She received the Pulitzer Prize in 1966.

<sup>2</sup>metaphysics—theoretical philosophy of the nature of being or reality



**V. Questions 33 to 44 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.**

*The reign of KING HENRY VI was marked by ongoing war between his dynasty, the House of Lancaster, and the rival House of York. Both sides claimed the right to the throne.*

*At this point of the play, HENRY VI has been deposed and is in hiding, and the eldest of the York sons, EDWARD, has become King.*

*In this scene, EDWARD is required to make decisions concerning the upsetting aftermath of the civil war. With him are his brothers RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, and GEORGE, DUKE OF CLARENCE. From a distance, RICHARD and CLARENCE are watching KING EDWARD bargain with the WIDOW as she presents her suit dealing with the return of her late husband's lands to herself and her children.*

**from THE THIRD PART OF KING HENRY THE SIXTH, Act III, scene ii**

**CHARACTERS:**

KING EDWARD—King of England—15th century

WIDOW—Lady Grey

CLARENCE—Edward's brother, George, Duke of Clarence

RICHARD—Edward's brother, Duke of Gloucester

A NOBLEMAN

**KING EDWARD:** Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?

**WIDOW:** Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

**KING EDWARD:** And would you not do much to do them good?

**WIDOW:** To do them good I would sustain some harm.

5 **KING EDWARD:** Then get your husband's lands to do them good.

**WIDOW:** Therefore I came unto your majesty.

**KING EDWARD:** I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

**WIDOW:** So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

**KING EDWARD:** What service wilt thou do me if I give them?

10 **WIDOW:** What you command that rests in me to do.

**KING EDWARD:** But you will take exceptions to my boon.<sup>1</sup>

**WIDOW:** No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>boon—request

- KING EDWARD: Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.  
WIDOW: Why, then I will do what your grace commands.
- 15 RICHARD (*Aside to CLARENCE*): He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.  
CLARENCE (*Aside to RICHARD*): As red as fire? Nay then, her wax must melt.  
WIDOW: Why stops my lord? Shall I not hear my task?  
KING EDWARD: An easy task. 'Tis but to love a king.  
WIDOW: That's soon performed, because I am a subject.
- 20 KING EDWARD: Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.  
WIDOW: I take my leave with many thousand thanks.  
RICHARD (*Aside to CLARENCE*): The match is made. She seals it with a curtsy.  
KING EDWARD: But stay thee. 'Tis the fruits of love I mean.  
WIDOW: The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.
- 25 KING EDWARD: Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense.  
What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?  
WIDOW: My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;  
That love which virtue begs<sup>2</sup> and virtue grants.  
KING EDWARD: No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.
- 30 WIDOW: Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.  
KING EDWARD: But now you partly may perceive my mind.  
WIDOW: My mind will never grant what I perceive  
Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.  
KING EDWARD: To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.
- 35 WIDOW: To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.  
KING EDWARD: Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.  
WIDOW: Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;  
For by that loss I will not purchase them.  
KING EDWARD: Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.
- 40 WIDOW: Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.  
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination  
Accords not with the sadness of my suit.  
Please you dismiss me, either with ay or no.  
KING EDWARD: Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;
- 45 No, if thou dost say no to my demand.  
WIDOW: Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.  
RICHARD (*Aside to CLARENCE*): The widow likes him not; she knits her brows.  
CLARENCE (*Aside to RICHARD*): He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.  
KING EDWARD (*Aside*): Her looks doth argue her replete with modesty;
- 50 Her words doth show her wit incomparable;  
All her perfections challenge sovereignty.

*Continued*

<sup>2</sup>begs—assumes, takes for granted



- One way or other, she is for a king;  
 And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—  
 Say that King Edward take thee for his queen?
- 55 **WIDOW:** 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord.  
 I am a subject fit to jest withal,  
 But far unfit to be a sovereign.
- KING EDWARD:** Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee  
 I speak no more than what my soul intends;  
 60 And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.
- WIDOW:** And that is more than I will yield unto.  
 I know I am too mean to be your queen,  
 And yet too good to be your concubine.
- KING EDWARD:** You cavil,<sup>3</sup> widow. I did mean my queen.
- 65 **WIDOW:** 'Twill grieve your grace my sons should call you father.
- KING EDWARD:** No more than when my daughters call thee mother.  
 Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;  
 And, by God's Mother, I, being but a bachelor,  
 Have other some. Why, 'tis a happy thing  
 70 To be the father unto many sons.  
 Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.
- RICHARD** (*Aside to CLARENCE*): The ghostly father<sup>4</sup> now hath done his shrift.<sup>5</sup>
- CLARENCE** (*Aside to RICHARD*): When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.<sup>6</sup>
- KING EDWARD:** Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.
- 75 **RICHARD:** The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.
- KING EDWARD:** You'd think it strange if I should marry her.
- CLARENCE:** To who, my lord?
- KING EDWARD:** Why, Clarence, to myself.
- RICHARD:** That would be ten days' wonder at the least.
- 80 **CLARENCE:** That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
- RICHARD:** By so much is the wonder in extremes.
- KING EDWARD:** Well, jest on, brothers. I can tell you both  
 Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.  
 (*Enter a Nobleman.*)
- 85 **NOBLEMAN:** My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken  
 And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>cavil—make frivolous objections

<sup>4</sup>ghostly father—father confessor or shriver, priest

<sup>5</sup>done his shrift—finished hearing confession

<sup>6</sup>shriner, 'twas for shift—[1] as a trick to serve some purpose [2] to say that a woman was “shriven to her shift” was a common off-colour joke meaning that she had been taken advantage of

**KING EDWARD:** See that he be conveyed unto the Tower.<sup>7</sup>

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him  
To question of his apprehension.

90 Widow, go you along. Lords, use her honorably.

(*Exeunt. Manet*<sup>8</sup> RICHARD.)

**RICHARD:** Ay, Edward will use women honorably.

Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,  
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring  
95 To cross me from the golden time I look for.  
And yet, between my soul's desire and me—  
The lustful Edward's title buried—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,  
And all the unlooked-for issue of their bodies,  
100 To take their rooms ere I can place myself.  
A cold premeditation for my purpose.

Why, then I do but dream on sovereignty,  
Like one that stands upon a promontory  
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,  
105 Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,  
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,  
Saying he'll lade it dry to have his way:  
So do I wish the crown, being so far off;

And so I chide the means that keeps me from it,  
110 And so, I say, I'll cut the causes off,  
Flattering me with impossibilities.

My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,  
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.  
Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard:  
115 What other pleasure can the world afford?

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap  
And deck my body in gay ornaments  
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.  
O miserable thought, and more unlikely

120 Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.  
Why, love forswore me in my mother's womb;  
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,  
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe  
To shrink mine arm up like a withered shrub;

*Continued*

<sup>7</sup>the Tower—the Tower of London, where important political prisoners were commonly held prior to execution

<sup>8</sup>Manet—remaining alone

125 To make an envious mountain on my back,<sup>9</sup>  
 Where sits deformity to mock my body;  
 To shape my legs of an unequal size;  
 To disproportion me in every part,  
 Like to a chaos, or an unlicked bear-whelp,<sup>10</sup>  
 130 That carries no impression like the dam.  
 And am I then a man to be beloved?  
 O monstrous fault to harbor such a thought.  
 Then, since this earth affords no joy to me  
 But to command, to check, to o'erbear such  
 135 As are of better person than myself,  
 I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown  
 And, whiles I live, t'account this world but hell  
 Until my misshaped trunk that bears this head  
 Be round impalèd with a glorious crown.  
 140 And yet I know not how to get the crown,  
 For many lives stand between me and home;  
 And I—like one lost in a thorny wood,  
 That rents the thorns and is rent with the thorns,  
 Seeking a way and straying from the way,  
 145 Not knowing how to find the open air  
 But toiling desperately to find it out—  
 Torment myself to catch the English crown;  
 And from that torment I will free myself  
 Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.  
 150 Why, I can smile, and murder whiles I smile,  
 And cry 'Content!' to that which grieves my heart,  
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,  
 And frame my face to all occasions.  
 I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid<sup>11</sup> shall;  
 155 I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;<sup>12</sup>  
 I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,<sup>13</sup>

*Continued*

<sup>9</sup> mountain on my back—Shakespeare depicted Richard as suffering from various physical disadvantages, one of which was a humped back

<sup>10</sup> bear-whelp—bear cub

<sup>11</sup> the mermaid—sea nymph or “siren” noted for luring sailors to their deaths

<sup>12</sup> basilisk—a mythical lizard-like monster with supposedly fatal breath and glance

<sup>13</sup> Nestor—in Greek legend, a Greek chief and counsellor who took part in the siege of Troy; a wise old man



Deceive more slyly than Ulysses<sup>14</sup> could  
And, like a Sinon,<sup>15</sup> take another Troy.  
I can add colors to the chameleon,<sup>16</sup>  
160 Change shapes with Proteus<sup>17</sup> for advantages,  
And set the murderous Machiavel<sup>18</sup> to school.  
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?  
Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. (Exit.)

*William Shakespeare (1564–1616)*

<sup>14</sup>Ulysses—one of the Greek chiefs of the Trojan War who used his wits and cunning to survive

<sup>15</sup>Sinon—the Greek who persuaded the Trojans to bring a great wooden horse into the city; Greek warriors were hidden inside the horse

<sup>16</sup>chameleon—a lizard that has the ability to change colour

<sup>17</sup>Proteus—in Greek mythology, a sea god whose distinguishing characteristic was the power of assuming different shapes at will

<sup>18</sup>Machiavel—[Niccolo Machiavelli] 15th-century Florentine statesman known in England as an advocate of guile and ruthlessness

**VI. Questions 45 to 52 in your Questions Booklet are based on this excerpt from a play.**

*The play is based on the true story of JOSEPH (JOHN) MERRICK, who suffered from a disease that enlarged his head and covered his body with grotesque tumours that gave him an elephant-like appearance. He lost the use of his right hand and, unable to work, was persuaded to earn a livelihood by exhibiting himself as a freak in carnival sideshows. DR. FREDERICK TREVES, a surgeon, recognizing MERRICK'S intelligence and imagination, put him under the protection of London Hospital. The play is a dramatic presentation of the last four years of MERRICK'S life.*

*This scene begins with a meeting between Merrick and Mrs. Kendal, which Dr. Treves has arranged.*

*Setting: London Hospital, 1886–1890*

**from THE ELEPHANT MAN**

**CHARACTERS:**

JOHN MERRICK—The Elephant Man

DR. FREDERICK TREVES—surgeon at London Hospital

MRS. MADGE KENDAL—celebrated actress and beauty

DUCHESS, COUNTESS, AND LORD JOHN—members of the British aristocracy

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA—wife of the Prince of Wales

MERRICK *sketching*. Enter TREVES, MRS. KENDAL.

TREVES: He is making sketches for a model of St. Phillip's church. He wants someday to make a model, you see. John, my boy, this is Mrs. Kendal. She would very much like to make your acquaintance.

5 MRS. KENDAL: Good morning Mr. Merrick.

TREVES: I will see to a few matters. I will be back soon. (*Exits.*)

MERRICK: I planned so many things to say. I forgot them. You are so beautiful.

MRS. KENDAL: How charming, Mr. Merrick.

10 MERRICK: Well. Really that was what I planned to say. That I forgot what I planned to say. I couldn't think of anything else I was so excited.

MRS. KENDAL: Real charm is always planned, don't you think?

MERRICK: Well. I do not know why I look like this, Mrs. Kendal. My mother was so beautiful. She was knocked down by an elephant in a circus while she was pregnant. Something must have happened, don't you think?

15 MRS. KENDAL: It may well have.

*Continued*

MERRICK: It may well have. But sometimes I think my head is so big because it is so full of dreams. Because it is. Do you know what happens when dreams cannot get out?

MRS. KENDAL: Why, no.

20 MERRICK: I don't either. Something must. (*Silence.*) Well. You are a famous actress.

MRS. KENDAL: I am not unknown.

MERRICK: You must display yourself for your living then. Like I did.

MRS. KENDAL: That is not myself, Mr. Merrick. That is an illusion. This is  
25 myself.

MERRICK: This is myself too.

MRS. KENDAL: Frederick says you like to read. So: books.

MERRICK: I am reading *Romeo and Juliet* now.

MRS. KENDAL: Ah. Juliet. What a love story. I adore love stories.

30 MERRICK: I like love stories best too. If I had been Romeo, guess what.

MRS. KENDAL: What?

MERRICK: I would not have held the mirror to her breath.

MRS. KENDAL: You mean the scene where Juliet appears to be dead and he holds a mirror to her breath and sees—

35 MERRICK: Nothing. How does it feel when he kills himself because he just sees nothing?

MRS. KENDAL: Well. My experience as Juliet has been—particularly with an actor I will not name—that while I'm laying there dead dead dead, and he is lamenting excessively, I get to thinking that if this slab of ham does not part  
40 from the hamhock of his life toute suite,<sup>1</sup> I am going to scream, pop off the tomb, and plunge a dagger into his scene-stealing heart. Romeos are very undependable.

MERRICK: Because he does not care for Juliet.

MRS. KENDAL: Not care?

45 MERRICK: Does he take her pulse? Does he get a doctor? Does he make sure? No. He kills himself. The illusion fools him because he does not care for her. He only cares about himself. If I had been Romeo, we would have got away.

MRS. KENDAL: But then there would be no play, Mr. Merrick.

MERRICK: If he did not love her, why should there be a play? Looking in a  
50 mirror and seeing nothing. That is not love. It was all an illusion. When the illusion ended he had to kill himself.

MRS. KENDAL: Why. That is extraordinary.

MERRICK: Before I spoke with people, I did not think of all these things because there was no one to bother to think them for. Now things just come out of my  
55 mouth which are true.  
(TREVES enters.)

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>toute suite—(toute de suite)—quickly



**TREVES:** You are famous, John. We are in the papers. Look. They have written up my report to the Pathological<sup>2</sup> Society. Look—it is a kind of apotheosis<sup>3</sup> for you.

60 **MRS. KENDAL:** Frederick, I feel Mr. Merrick would benefit by even more company than you provide; in fact by being acquainted with the best, and they with him. I shall make it my task if you'll permit. As you know, I am a friend of nearly everyone, and I do pretty well as I please and what pleases me is this task, I think.

65 **TREVES:** By god, Mrs. Kendal, you are splendid.

**MRS. KENDAL:** Mr. Merrick I must go now. I should like to return if I may. And so that we may without delay teach you about society, I would like to bring my good friend Dorothy Lady Neville. She would be most pleased if she could meet you. Let me tell her yes? (*MERRICK nods yes.*) Then until next  
70 time. I'm sure your church model will surprise us all. Mr. Merrick, it has been a very great pleasure to make your acquaintance.

**TREVES:** John. Your hand. She wishes to shake your hand.

**MERRICK:** Thank you for coming.

**MRS. KENDAL:** But it was my pleasure. Thank you. (*Exits, accompanied by*  
75 *TREVES.*)

**TREVES:** What a wonderful success. Do you know he's never shook a woman's hand before?

(*As lights fade MERRICK sobs soundlessly, uncontrollably.*) . . .

*Music. MERRICK working on model of St. Phillip's church. Enter DUCHESS.*  
80 *At side TREVES ticks off a gift list.*

**MERRICK:** Your grace.

**DUCHESS:** How nicely the model is coming along, Mr. Merrick. I've come to say Happy Christmas, and that I hope you will enjoy this ring and remember your friend by it.

85 **MERRICK:** Your grace, thank you.

**DUCHESS:** I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance. (*Exits.*)  
(*Enter COUNTESS.*)

**COUNTESS:** Please accept these silver-backed brushes and comb for Christmas, Mr. Merrick.

90 **MERRICK:** With many thanks, Countess.

**COUNTESS:** I am very pleased to have made your acquaintance. (*Exits.*)  
(*Enter LORD JOHN.*)

**LORD JOHN:** Here's the silver-topped walking stick, Merrick. Make you a regular Piccadilly<sup>4</sup> exquisite. Keep up the good work. Self-help is the best help.

*Continued*

<sup>2</sup>Pathological—concerned with disease

<sup>3</sup>apotheosis—an honouring or glorifying (often said of a career)

<sup>4</sup>Piccadilly—Piccadilly Square was a fashionable promenade in central London

95 Example to us all.

MERRICK: Thank you, Lord John.

LORD JOHN: Very pleased to have made your acquaintance. (*Exits.*)

(*Enter TREVES and PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.*)

TREVES: Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra.

100 PRINCESS: The happiest of Christmases, Mr. Merrick.

TREVES: Her Royal Highness has brought you a signed photograph of herself.

MERRICK: I am honored, your Royal Highness. It is the treasure of my possessions. I have written to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to thank him for the pheasants and woodcock he sent.

105 PRINCESS: You are a credit to Mr. Treves, Mr. Merrick. Mr. Treves, you are a credit to medicine, to England, and to Christendom. I am so very pleased to have made your acquaintance.

(PRINCESS, TREVES *exit*. *Enter* MRS. KENDAL.)

110 MRS. KENDAL: Good news, John. Bertie<sup>5</sup> says we may use the Royal Box<sup>6</sup> whenever I like. Mrs. Keppel<sup>7</sup> says it gives a unique perspective. And for Christmas, ivory-handled razors and toothbrush.

(*Enter* TREVES.)

TREVES: And a cigarette case, my boy, full of cigarettes!

MERRICK: Thank you. Very much.

115 MRS. KENDAL: Look Freddie, look. The model of St. Phillip's.

TREVES: It is remarkable, I know.

MERRICK: And I do it with just one hand, they all say.

MRS. KENDAL: You are an artist, John Merrick, an artist.

120 MERRICK: I did not begin to build at first. Not till I saw what St. Phillip's really was. It is not stone and steel and glass; it is an imitation of grace flying up and up from the mud. So I make my imitation of an imitation. But even in that is heaven to me, Mrs. Kendal.

TREVES: That thought's got a good line, John. Plato believed this was all a world of illusion and that artists made illusions of illusions of heaven.

125 MERRICK: You mean we are all just copies? Of originals?

TREVES: That's it.

MERRICK: Who made the copies?

TREVES: . . . The Demi-urge.<sup>8</sup>

130 MERRICK (*Goes back to work*): He should have used both hands shouldn't he?  
(*Music. Puts another piece on St. Phillip's. Fadeout.*)

Bernard Pomerance (1940– )

American playwright and recipient of  
New York Drama Critics Circle Award and an Obie Award

<sup>5</sup>Bertie—the Prince of Wales

<sup>6</sup>the Royal Box—select balcony seating reserved for royalty in a concert hall or opera house

<sup>7</sup>Mrs. Keppel—Prince of Wales' mistress

<sup>8</sup>The Demi-urge—in Plato's philosophy, a secondary deity, the creative spirit who made the world



**VII. Questions 53 to 61 in your Question Booklet are based on this excerpt from a book.**

*In 1984, the writer's visit to meet her relatives in Chernivtsi, Ukraine, motivated her to learn the Ukrainian language.*

**from HOW DO YOU GO BACK TO WHERE YOU'VE NEVER BEEN?**

**The Power of Speech**

Edmonton, 1984: I decide to learn to speak Ukrainian. I begin where I left off thirty years earlier: the Saturday School.

I had always perceived the Ukrainian language as some great obligation. It was never just a means of expression; it was a carrier, a veritable caravan of cultural and psychic and political import, and to cease speaking it, individually as well as collectively, was held to be a national catastrophe, as though one had stood idly by while a whole wagon train of goods—flour and tea and frying pans—had gone tumbling over a cliff while on its way to a beleaguered colony of countrymen. I cannot speak Ukrainian. I have been found wanting before the ancestors, and I have much to make up for.

My reader<sup>1</sup> has fallen apart utterly, although the pages remain clear and clean. I leaf through it: the illustrations are acutely familiar to me—the frog, or zhaba, the fairies floating on dewdrops like miniature parachutists, Marusia gathering flowers from the garden, the teacher, in a splendid green coat and matching green hat, greeting Marusia and Roman. Even the lessons resonate like fragments of poems once memorized whole and now remembered only for their refrains: *Dzvony dzvoniati, bam-bam-bam. Hen vysoko u dzvinytsi, tam-tam-tam. Dzvony dzvoniati, dzvony klychut, nas-nas-nas. Chy do shkoly, chy do tserkvy, chas-chas-chas.* The bells are ringing, ding-dang-dong. From afar in the bell tower, there-there-there. The bells are ringing, the bells are calling us-us-us. To school or to church, it's time-time-time.

There is nothing remotely “ethnic” in these lessons, save for a story about lighting candles on Christmas Eve. Marusia and Roman live in Middle Canada, in a suburban bungalow where Mother wears an apron and serves supper and Father appears twice—to eat and to dandle the baby—and summer is spent at the lake, building sandcastles, and children go to sleep with teddy bears. This upwardly mobile, lower middle-class hyphenated Canada seduced not by its own “difference” but by its adaptability.

And yet the little book, published in Saskatoon in 1947, is redolent<sup>2</sup> of that

*Continued*

<sup>1</sup>reader—a textbook commonly used in the 50s and 60s used for reading and language instruction

<sup>2</sup>redolent—reminiscent, suggestive, evocative

quintessential “ethnic” pastime—the mother, her children gathered around her, reading in the mother tongue a text that if not almost banal (the bungalow, the teddy bear) was nevertheless other than everyday life. For this is how I learned to read *Marusia*, curled up against my mother’s shoulder, my sister at her other  
35 shoulder, while the book lay open before us and we read out loud, along with her, chanting the text like a trio of cantors in church. The point was: this was outside school.

The anecdotes, about fairies and frogs and going to school and telling the time, were told in that same Ukrainian language reserved for extraordinary  
40 occasions and places—church, concerts, speeches, the national anthem, prayers and those mysterious but clamorous arguments that broke out between my father and grandfather, voices rising, hands slapping authoritatively at their respective newspapers.

How I loved to write out the letters, all the curlicues and whorls and slanted  
45 strokes of the Cyrillic alphabet,<sup>3</sup> *drawing* them, for long before the letters arranged themselves into discrete, meaningful words, the written Ukrainian language was a design, such as one could trace in a carpet or on an embroidered cushion. Pleasing. Like the swirl of my name written in Ukrainian in the front of the reader in my mother’s hand.

I had seen the letters all my life—in my father’s newspapers, on the envelopes that came all the way from Dzhuriv in the U.S.S.R., crabbed and cuneiform<sup>4</sup> on the icons<sup>5</sup> in church. And had heard the language from birth (Baba holding me gingerly, her first grandchild, as she stood in front of her root cellar) and had even, so I was told, spoken it babyishly. It was synchronous with my  
55 sensory life. What perverse process alienated it from my mouth?

Together with some twenty teen-agers, I enroll in the senior class at Saturday School. The teen-agers radiate a self-confidence in their youthfulness and their ethnicity that was quite absent from my generation at their age. I remind myself that these kids are the *great*-grandchildren of Galician<sup>6</sup> immigrants; their “ethnic baggage” carries purely Canadian content and the last immigrant in their families died quite some time ago. I sit at the front of the class, take notes, listen attentively, raise my hand to answer questions and do all my homework. I am a model student.

*Continued*

<sup>3</sup>Cyrillic alphabet—Slavic alphabet based on the Greek, invented by St. Cyril; in modified form, it is still used in Russia and in most Slavic countries

<sup>4</sup>cuneiform—ancient system of writing with wedge-shaped marks impressed on soft clay or incised into stone

<sup>5</sup>icons—a devotional painting, carving, image, or statue often of Christ or another holy figure common to the Eastern Church

<sup>6</sup>Galician—from Galicia a historic region of Eastern Europe that over the centuries has been part of Poland, Austria, and Russia. Many Galicians emigrated to Canada in the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries.

It is a humbling experience—this forcible return to baby talk, to simple,  
65 declarative sentences and the present tense for all actions—but I bend my head to  
it and persevere. Finally, the day comes when I open my brand-new copy of  
Taras Shevchenko's *Kobzar*, his collected poems. It is my very own copy, just  
purchased at the Ukrainian Book Store, a Soviet edition with extensive notes.

I begin with "The Bewitched Woman" and read every word, consulting the  
70 dictionary and underlining words to remember, poem after poem. When I am a  
third of the way through the book and reading one of the most famous poems of  
them all, "The Haidamaky," I suddenly realize I am not just reading Shevchenko:  
I am *inside* the language, understanding it directly, the profoundly familiar sounds  
carrying a story, a voice, a personality where before there had been only babble.  
75 For just a few moments I am in the company of literates who have known all  
along the beauty carried by the Ukrainian language and the splendid architecture  
of its poetry. Soon enough I am stumbling and tongue-tied and overwhelmed by  
the learning still to be done. But I know that I have for a very short time been  
inside the words, without translation.

To learn this language is also to keep a kind of faith with my grandmother,  
80 the gentle, pink-cheeked, round-headed old woman who could speak no English  
but who never, not once, reproached me for my speechlessness before her. Now it  
is I who reproach myself for having taken up this learning too late. Baba was the  
last person in a long line of generations who spoke only Ukrainian; I broke the  
85 chain, speaking it not at all. Now I pick it up, wanting to hammer back my link,  
so that Baba might live again in my broken, stammering syllables.

In 1988 I travel again to Ukraine, this time endowed with the power of  
speech. As before, I hear the Russian language everywhere. It is pervasive, like a  
gas—in the airport bus, the Customs Hall, the hotel restaurant, on the rock videos,  
90 in the boutiques. But this time I do not stand by rainy windows and weep. I revel  
in the sounds I am making, even though I often retreat to my hotel room, my  
tongue swollen with exhaustion, my brain depleted of all vocabulary. The  
Russian I once knew is filed in some deep archive of my brain; the Ukrainian I am  
speaking has risen up and inscribed itself on my tongue as though I once knew  
95 how to speak it and had only now to remember. And so I go to the provinces, to  
the village, meet my relatives, open my mouth and speak.

Myrna Kostash

An Edmonton writer of creative  
non-fiction including *All of Baba's*  
*Children* and *Doomed Bridegroom: A Memoir*



VIII. Questions 62 to 70 in your Questions Booklet are based on this poem.

PENUMBRAE<sup>1</sup>

The shadows have their seasons, too.  
The feathery web the budding maples  
cast down upon the sullen lawn

<sup>1</sup>penumbrae—a partial shade  
between shadow and full  
light

5 bears but a faint relation to  
high summer's umbrageous<sup>2</sup> weight  
and tunnel-like continuum,

<sup>2</sup>umbrageous—shady

black leached from green, deep pools  
wherein a globe of gnats revolves  
as airy as an astrolabe.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>3</sup>astrolabe—a medieval  
instrument used to determine  
the altitude of the sun or  
other celestial bodies

10 The thinning shade of autumn is  
an inherited Oriental:<sup>4</sup>  
red worn to pink, nap worn to thread.

<sup>4</sup>Oriental—colorful “Oriental”  
carpets

15 Shadows on snow look blue. The skier,  
exultant at the summit, sees his poles  
elongate toward the valley.

On the beach between sweeps of cloud  
the bather observes his shape  
come faint and crabwise to the sand.

20 And shadows on water!—  
the beech bough bent to the speckled lake  
where silt motes<sup>5</sup> flicker gold,

<sup>5</sup>motes—particles

or the steel dock underslung  
with a submarine that trembles,  
its ladder stiffened by air.

*Continued*

- 25 And loveliest, because least looked for,  
gray on gray, the stripes  
the pearl-white winter sun  
  
hung low behind the leafless wood  
draws out from trunk to trunk across the road  
30 like a stairway that does not rise.

*John Updike* (1932– )  
American poet and writer of fiction  
and literary criticism. He has been  
awarded the Pulitzer Prize twice.

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# *English 30: Part B*

*January 2001*

